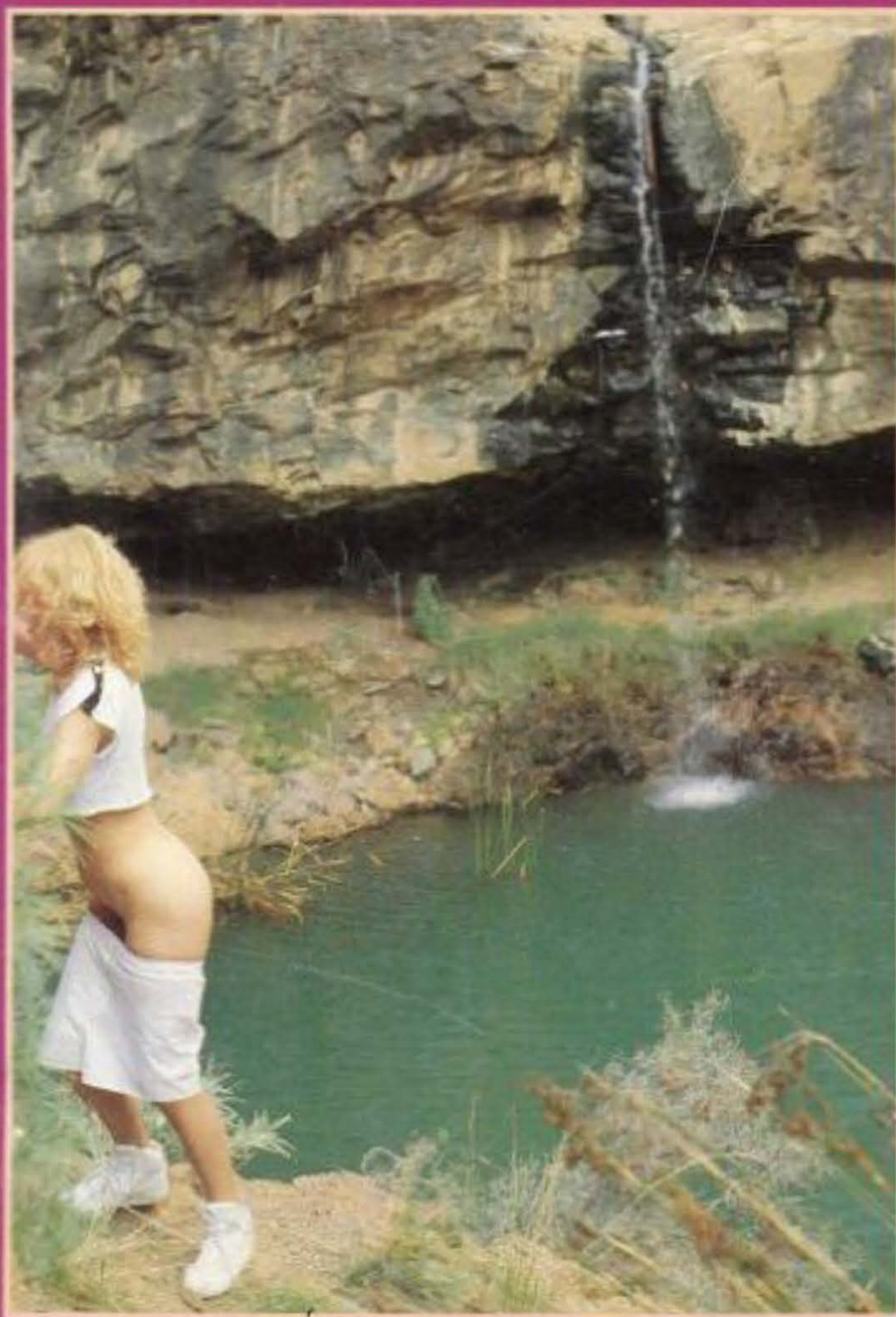
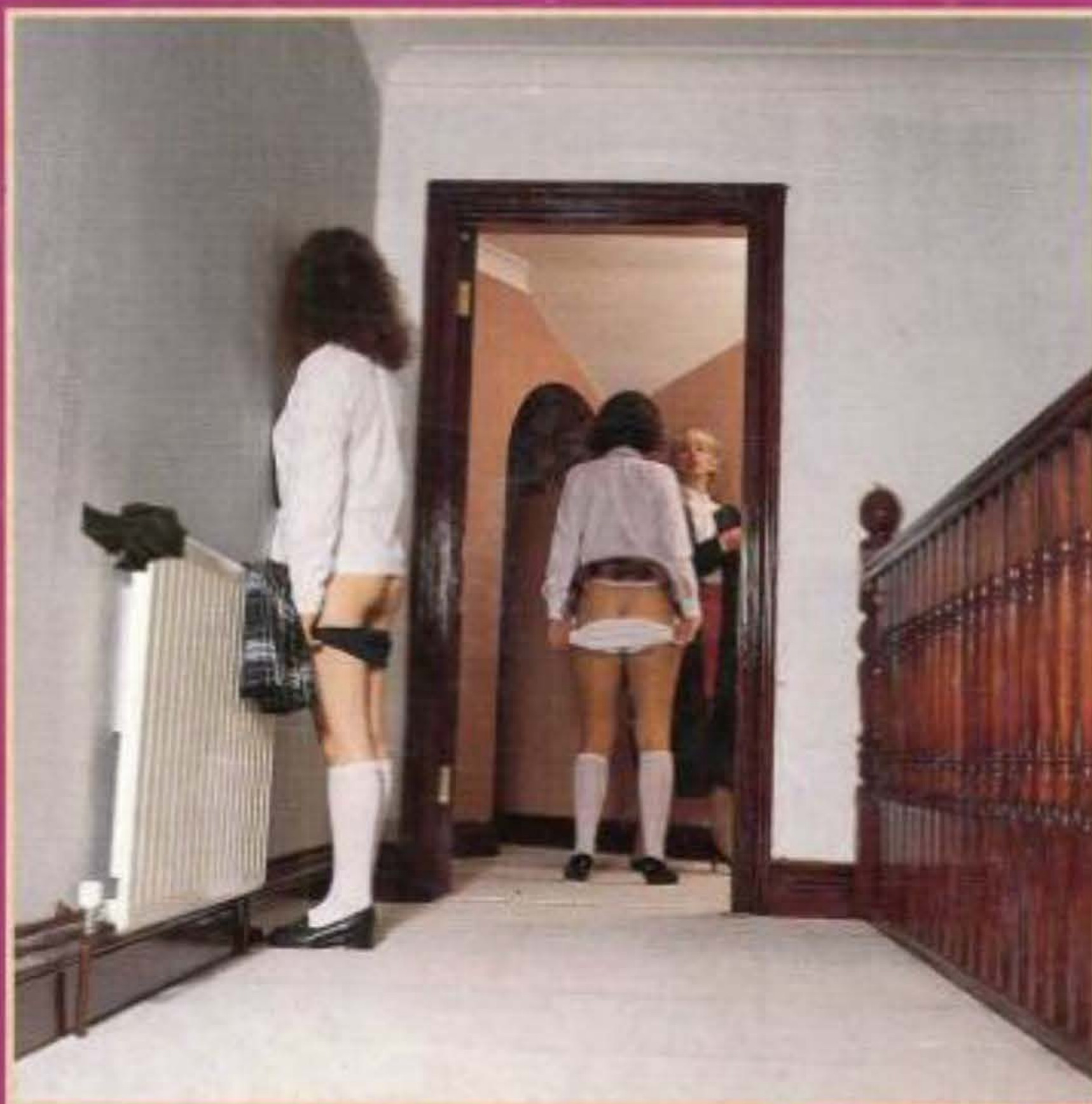
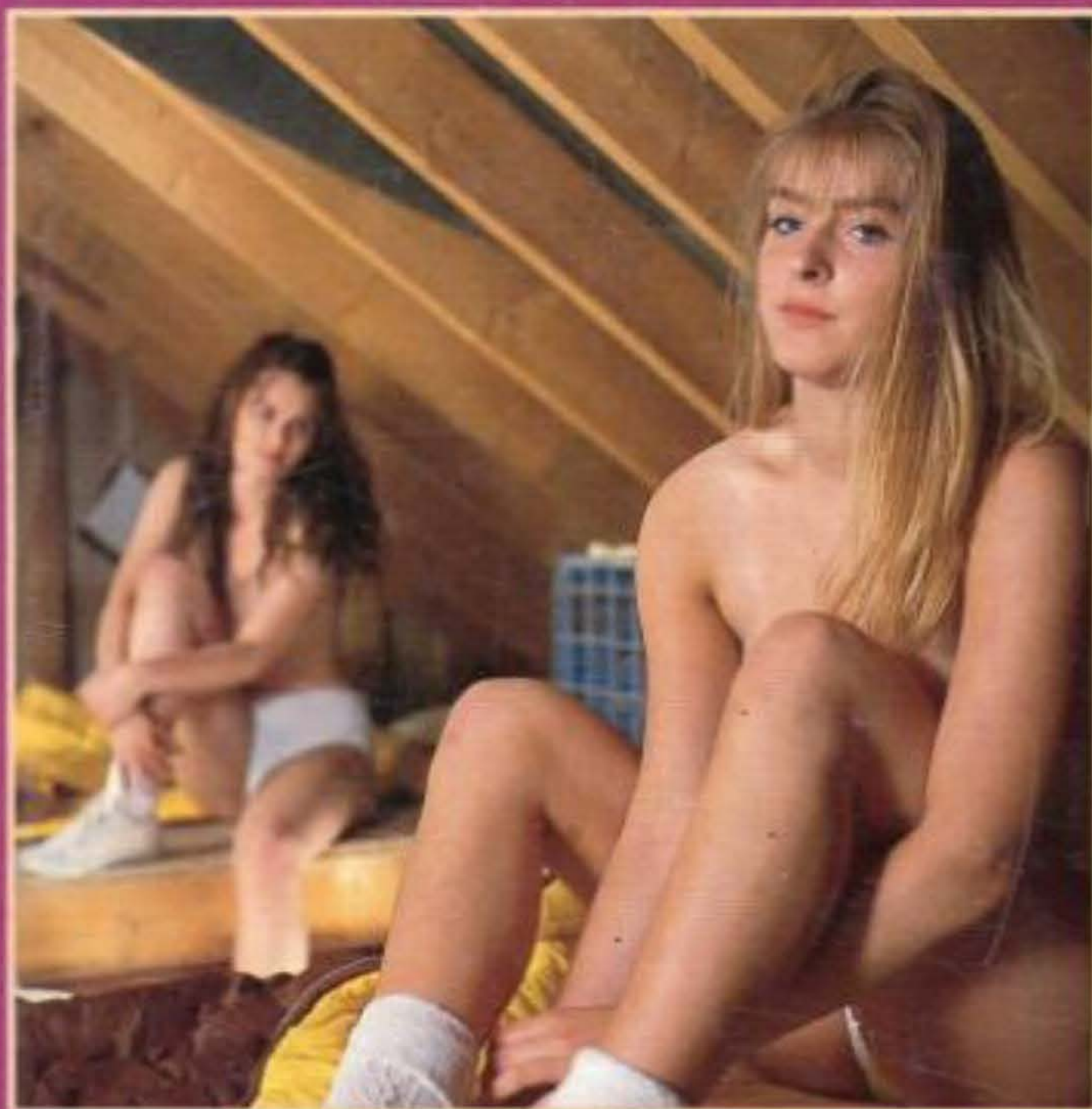


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BLUSHES 83

JANE FOR SALE

PENNY ON PARADE

A TASTE OF ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

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A TASTE OF ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

Astrid Heinemann and Katrin Meyer were going to an English summer school, for a month in July. It had just been confirmed that morning. Now after school she had gone round to Katrin's house to discuss it. It was **highly exciting!**

Phantastisch! A month in beautiful England! But also perhaps a little bit frightening. Because didn't the English have a reputation of physical punishments? Punishments that included **caning**. And Astrid and Katrin would of course be subject to whatever regulations were in force at the school. So if there was this caning ...

Astrid said, 'It is **so exciting**. Caning by an Englishman Katrin! I am sure he will want to cane these two lovely German girls sent to England for instruction.'

It had given her a sharp sexual thrill, so that after each of the canings she had gone immediately to her room and brought herself off

Astrid said this because she had in fact been caned already, by her uncle Heinrich. On three separate occasions when she had stayed with him. She had found it highly stimulating, in spite of being painful. It had given her a sharp sexual thrill, so that after each of the canings she had gone immediately to her room and brought herself off. Lying on her bed with her knickers off, her fingers urgently in her wet and throbbing pussy.

And yes they were both very good-looking girls. Both brunettes, Astrid medium height with a full, ripely rounded figure, Katrin tall and slimmer but also with rounded curves where it counted. Also both of them pretty girls, Astrid vivacious, Katrin generally more serious, with lovely

big brown eyes and a full mouth. Yes, what English schoolmaster would be able to resist either of them.

Astrid gave a sexy laugh. 'I think this Englishman will be immediately reaching for his cane ... And also maybe something else. Maybe wanting to fuck pretty Katrin.'

Katrin flushed. 'Don't be silly. I am sure they don't do any of that business. The English are very civilised. Not like Frenchmen perhaps who **would** be grabbing all parts of your body, and maybe yes, going to make you accept the cane. And even that other. But not an Englishman, I am sure. I am happy to say.'

Astrid giggled. 'Oh I am sure you are wrong Katrin! You wait and see!'

She reached to put her arm round Katrin. They were sitting side by side on the couch, cups of coffee on the table in front of them. Katrin's parents and her brother were out and the house was deserted apart from the two girls, and Astrid was feeling **sexy**, with the thought of this unknown but maybe handsome Englishman canging her bottom. And then maybe wanting to fuck her? She felt like some action.

Liebe Katrin, do you feel like doing something nice? Which I am sure if the English schoolmaster could know about he would certainly be putting his cane across your bare bottom!'

'No!' Katrin yelped, knowing very well what Astrid meant. Playing with each other. Which would lead no doubt to what the coarser boys called finger-fucking. Katrin didn't like it. Not at all. Although sometimes in fact when Astrid had persisted and got her aroused, Katrin **did**. But she knew you shouldn't do it — and certainly if this Englishman caned you for anything (which Katrin didn't believe) then yes, it would be for that.

But Astrid was persistent. Because she **was** very aroused at the thought of this stern-faced Englishman with his cane — slicing it painfully but thrillingly in across her nude bottom. And then ... maybe getting to work with his big stiff penis. Yes Astrid was aroused and persistent — and eventually achieved her goal. Getting Katrin's knickers down. And her hand between Katrin's legs. At her pussy. Katrin **didn't** want it. But once it was happening she did. And although she didn't believe any of that sexy talk and certainly wasn't turned on by it ... well, it was exciting in a frightening way. Just to **think** about it.

So it got to her, and she did finally come, in response to Astrid's busy and practised fingers.

* * *

She was very aroused at the thought of this stern-faced Englishman with his cane — slicing it painfully but thrillingly in across her nude bottom

The big shock when they arrived at the English school was to find it wasn't a male teacher in charge. It was a **woman!** Somehow the lines had got crossed. It wasn't **Mr** Evelyn Cranley, it was **Miss**. A tall and rather glamorous blonde lady of 30 or so. An attractive woman who gave them a friendly welcome, but also then a cautionary little lecture.

'I want you both to enjoy yourselves of course. But at the same time I cannot have any wild behaviour. Sometimes girls when they are away from home can feel a sense of freedom which can get out of control.'

Miss Cranley's eyes held them in a frank, appraising look. 'Boys of course is one area we are talking about. Or men in general. We have to be strict here, in that understood?'

There was an undoubted steely edge to Miss Cranley's voice. Katrin at least felt she would not want to cross the teacher. But then she had no intention of messing about with boys — or men.

And the English punishments? Caning? It seemed that what Astrid had said was true after all. Even though this was a women teacher and

not a man in charge. Another girl told them that just a few weeks earlier a Swedish girl had been caught in the act. Actually having intercourse in her room with a man she had met. Miss Cranley had duly caned her. **Really** caned her! The other girls had seen the Swedish girl's bottom and there had been dreadful red stripes criss-crossing it. The girl had been sent home after the caning.

Astrid said, 'Well I told you so,' to Katrin at this information. But she no longer seemed so excited at the thought. Being caned by a man, possibly a handsome one, was one

thing — but this Miss Cranley was something else. The description of those red stripes on the Swedish girl's bottom was really scary. Astrid didn't fancy a dose of that **at all!**

But ... she did want to meet boys. Or men come to that! Astrid certainly wanted some action on t his English trip. Action that included fucking if she found someone she fancied. As she told Katrin.

'Just don't involve me then!' Katrin said sharply. Not being interested in that sort of thing. Certainly not fucking. And certainly not wishing to suffer the fate of that Swedish girl.





Astrid **did** find someone, and within a couple of days of their arriving. He was called Kevin, a 20-year-old builder's labourer in the nearby village. Katrin had met him and agreed that he was good-looking but told Astrid not to get involved. In fact he also had a mate called Steve who wanted to take Katrin out but she wasn't interested. Anyway Astrid **was** involved with Kevin. Two days after meeting him she hotly told Katrin that

she had fucked him.

And if that wasn't bad enough, in Katrin's opinion at least, Astrid then met an older man. He had offered her a lift back to the school which Astrid had accepted, and which of course a girl should **never** do. And then he offered to take Astrid to his house for a drink, which she also accepted. At his house, Astrid told Katrin, laughing, they had had some fun.

Some drinks and then he wanted to spank her bottom. And then after that ... he wanted to fuck her.

Katrin was shocked. Because Astrid **had** fucked this man, this stranger. And she was going to see him again of course. And continue with Kevin.

'Oh **no**, Astrid! It is not **possible**! You can't behave like that. And if Miss Cranley finds out.



It wasn't Miss Cranley who found out but the gardener, Mr Higgins. He was fiftyish, with it seemed to Katrin a sort of leering way of looking at you. Anyway it was Astrid's bad luck.

Mr Higgins with his leering look fancied Katrin. He told her he knew about Astrid and Mr Milner. He said it was his duty to tell Miss Cranley — unless Katrin would be nice to him

Because Mr Higgins with his leering look fancied **Katrin**. He told her he knew about Astrid and Mr Milner. He said it was his duty to tell Miss Cranley — unless Katrin would be nice to him. And she didn't want her friend sent back to Germany in disgrace, did she? With first of all of course a very unpleasant and painful caning from Miss Cranley.

No, of course Katrin didn't want that. Even though it was all Astrid's own fault for behaving so utterly badly. She pleaded with Mr Higgins not to tell. But Arthur Higgins naturally wanted something if he wasn't going to tell. He wanted Katrin in his little potting shed.

He wanted to fuck her. This very lovely tall and shapely German girl, with the soft dark eyes and full-lipped mouth. Yes, he definitely wanted to fuck her. As he made quite clear to Katrin. Putting his arms round her ... and pushing his stiff penis into her softly yielding body.

Katrin, unhappily allowing some fondling of her shapely body, tried to plead with him. But Mr Higgins was insisting on what he wanted

Katrin stumbled away. There was no way she could agree to his shocking request. She **couldn't**! Katrin, unhappily allowing some fondling of her shapely body, tried to plead with him. But Mr Higgins was insisting on what he wanted. Well she **couldn't** and that was it. The only hope was that Mr Higgins wouldn't carry out his threat.

But he did. He told Miss Cranley about Astrid. And not only that, he said he believed Katrin was doing the same thing.

Called up before the steely-eyed Miss Cranley they both denied it. But it was no good. Evelyn Cranley had in fact gone to Mr Milner and got confirmation. He had admitted he had been seeing Astrid. He hadn't said anything about Katrin, but that didn't mean that Evelyn Cranley wasn't persisting with both of them. Because she definitely fancied the taller German girl.

The memory of the tall blonde Margit, the Swedish girl now sent home in disgrace, was still fesh in her mind. Caning those lovely bared nates, which had writhed and

clenched marvellously. The long thighs sliding apart in the girl's distress — to reveal that blonde-fuzzy pink split beneath the red-striped buttocks. Yes it had been an intense turn-on for Evelyn Cranley. And she was overdue for another session. Now these two German girls had providentially come into her hands. The sexy one, Astrid, and her taller compatriot Katrin. Who in Evelyn's eyes was even choicer; possibly just as sexy and passionate under that more serious manner.

'Lying will get you nowhere,' she told the two of them icily. 'I **know** what you have been doing. Both of you. Quite **disgusting** behaviour. Your parents will of course be very interested when they learn. When you are both sent home for **disgraceful conduct!**'

Katrin felt quite sick. They both felt sick in fact, but for Katrin there was the additional dimension of having done nothing, she was quite innocent. At least for Astrid there was the sense of having been caught out in something she had done. And it was clear that Miss Cranley **did** know.

She stuttered, 'Please Miss ... please don't tell my parents. And Katrin ... she didn't do it. It was only me.'

It was Katrin's bottom she was really interested in baring. Astrid was interested in too and Evelyn was going to really enjoy whipping her plump and lascivious bottom

But Evelyn Cranley didn't want to hear that. It was Katrin whom she fancied. It was Katrin's bottom she was really interested in baring. Astrid was interested in too and Evelyn was going to really enjoy whipping her plump and lascivious bottom. But the one she was really after was lovely Katrin. So she certainly didn't want to hear that the girl was innocent.

'Please don't lie to me!' she repeated. 'That will certainly make things worse. And I really have no choice but to send you both home **immediately**. As soon as I can book some transport. That could be tomorrow.'

Standing before Miss Cranley they were both close to tears at this dreadful prospect. Both sets of parents would be devastated, and

there would be no point in trying to deny the alleged offences. Weren't the English noted for fair play and honesty? As well of course as for the use of the cane. Katrin did feel real tears start to slide down her cheeks. It was a sight which gave Evelyn Cranley a hot little tingle between her thighs.

'I shall of course wish to cane both of you first. I can't really believe that a

cane would be sufficient. However intense the caning. No, or even a succession of canings. I believe for something like this I really will have to send both of you home.'

Did these words indicate a slight softening of Miss Cranley's position? That the matter might be resolved by the cane alone? Because although the thought of the cane was horrendous — the thought of that Swedish girl Margit and those fierce red stripes on







sorry that you are in this. When you haven't done anything.'

Katrin but her lip. She was thinking the same thing. She **hadn't** done anything. Thinking about the gardener, who as well as Astrid had got her into this dreadful business. Mr Higgins, who wanted to fuck her.

'I ... I think I'll go to my room,' she said. 'Lie down for a little while.' She forced a wan smile. 'I'll see you later I expect.'

But Katrin wasn't going to her room. She was going outside, in the grounds. To that little hut in the corner behind the old stables. Mr Higgins's potting shed.

He was there. Giving her a leering grin. Katrin said she wanted to talk. Mr Higgins's grin increased. The door was closed behind her. And locked.

Her hands up under her short skirt, to slide her knickers down. Taking them right off. And then getting up on the potting bench. On her back with her legs dangling over the edge

her bottom — nonetheless it **would** be preferable to being sent home in disgrace. Yes, several canings would be preferable to that. Even particularly savage ones.

Evelyn Cranley shook her head in the face of their renewed pleadings. No, she really didn't think so. And they were to go now, back to their rooms. She would see them after supper. She would give both of them their caning then. Miss Cranley dismissed them, after saying what they were to wear for the caning session.

* * *

They want back to Astrid's room. It was 2 p.m., with about six nail-biting hours to wait for their canings. But the really awful thing was the real possibility of being sent home the next day. But Miss Cranley **had** seemed to waver.

'I think she likes caning,' Astrid said, pacing up and down. 'I think if we say we'll accept a lot of it she **may** let us stay. Maybe, she would like to cane us **every day**. But anyway I am really



The talk took place. And then Katrin did what Arthur Higgins wanted. Her hands up under her short skirt, to

legs dangling over the edge. Mr Higgins was unzipping his trousers. He had his thing out, and was parting

girl,' Mr Higgins mouthed. 'A lovely **fraulein**.' The engorged head of his penis was rubbing against the lips of



slide her knickers down. Taking them right off. And then getting up on the potting bench. On her back with her

Katrin's thighs.

She gazed up at the low roof. 'Good

her pussy, and then forcing its way in.

* * *





Miss Cranley said, 'I'll take Astrid first. For her first session. I'm going to give you two sessions each. Each of you will wait out here while the other is being caned.'

They were on the landing outside Evelyn Cranley's sitting room. This part of the house was Miss Cranley's private quarters so at least there

Evelyn Cranley wanted to see their ripe young tits with nothing else on under the tight semi-transparent white blouses. It would be an extra little turn-on. An extra little spicing to add to those ripe bare bottoms

wouldn't be other girls walking by. Astrid and Katrin were as instructed wearing their formal classroom outfits: plain white blouses with ties; wrap-around plaid skirts; white knee socks and plain black shoes. They were wearing knickers but no other item of underwear. Miss Cranley had said nothing else, no bras or anything, because they would undoubtedly get

very hot from the very severe caning she was going to give them. In fact Evelyn Cranley wanted to see their ripe young tits with nothing else on under the tight semi-transparent white blouses. It would be an extra little turn-on. An extra little spicing to add to those ripe bare bottoms offered up for her young whippy cane.

The door to her room was left half open. So that Katrin could see, and of course hear. She didn't want to see or hear, but it was impossible to shut her ears, and impossible also not to at least glance in at what was happening. What very shortly she herself would be suffering. And as well as this of course was what she had experienced a little earlier, in that shed. Mr Higgins. Letting him screw her on that bench. Katrin had tried to shout her mind while he was doing it but of course it hadn't been possible. But he had said he would speak to Miss Cranley. Had he done so already? It clearly wasn't going to stop this caning, but the other thing. Being sent home. Perhaps? **Gott gebe!**

It was happening to Astrid now, through that half-open door. She had been told to take her knickers down and bend over. Standing in the centre of the room, her hands on her knees. Her ripe bare bottom thrust out.

THWATTT ...!!

The slick staccato sound of the bamboo as it whipped into the ripe meat of Astrid's bottom for the first awful stroke. And Astrid's immediate desperate yelp of pain. Astrid who had thought she might enjoy it from a handsome Englishman

Katrin wanted to close her ears to that sickening sound but couldn't. The slick staccato sound of the bamboo as it whipped into the ripe meat of Astrid's bottom for the first awful stroke. And Astrid's immediate desperate yelp of pain. Astrid who had thought she might enjoy it from a handsome Englishman, after what her Uncle Heinrich had done. But her Uncle Heinrich wouldn't have caned her like this steely-eyed Miss Cranley. Who clearly enjoyed inflicting real pain.

THWATTT ...!!

'Aaaahhhh ... aaoowwwhhh ...!'

* * *

How many had Astrid got? Six? Katrin didn't now, her mind hadn't been able to focus. It hadn't wanted to focus. But anyway Astrid's ordeal was over for the moment. She was stumbling out, her face red and tear-stained. Holding the plain skirt up round her waist and with her knickers still down close to her knees. Making little gasping sounds.

Miss Cranley's curt voice told Katrin to enter. Astrid was to wait in Katrin's place. And she was now to take her things off. She was to strip down to just the knee socks and shoes — in preparation for the second stage of her caning.

Katrin heard this as in a dream. Her head had an airy feeling, as if it was floating above her body. But no doubt it would come solidly back, when Miss Cranley's cane cut into her bare bottom for the first time. She was standing before the teacher now, on rubbery legs. And being told to take her knickers down, then lift her skirt up round her waist.

Evelyn Cranley came in close, her cane in her left hand. Her face was

flushed slightly, from the effort and excitement of caning the other German girl. In a low, silky voice she said, I'm gong to really enjoy giving you it Katrin. Do you know that? And I'm going to enjoy making it **really hurt.**

The hand slid down, to where the quivering girl's pussy was now exposed. Cupping the mound with its covering of curling black hair. Her fingers sliding in between Katrin's warm thighs. Finding her moist slit

Her hand came out to squeeze first one and then the other of Katrin's firm tits which were bare under the thin blouse. And then the hand slid down, to where the quivering girl's pussy was now exposed. Cupping the mound with its covering of curling black hair. Her fingers sliding in between Katrin's warm thighs. Finding her moist slit. Gently massaging it.

'Yes, really enjoy making it **hurt** Katrin dear.'







Evelyn Cranley **did** make it hurt. Mind-boggling white-hot pain. Each cut of the cane feeling as if it was slicing Katrin's bottom in half. Each cut building on the desperate pain of what had gone before. Each making her want to collapse in a heap on the floor. But each time she had to pull herself together for the next. Standing bending before hot-eyed Miss Cranley. Her hands gripping her knees, her scarlet-striped buttocks offered for the next ...

Somehow it was at last over and she was walking as best she could back out onto the landing. But it wasn't over of course. Astrid, now nude apart from socks and shoes and with frantic eyes, was going back in. For whatever was to be meted out in her second session. And Katrin had to follow suit. Strip off now, down to her knee socks and shoes like Astrid. And shortly she too would be going back in. It certainly wasn't over. There was more to come. Maybe worse to come. If that was possible.

* * *

'Stand up for a moment,' Miss Cranley said.

Red-faced Katrin, gasping and trying to control half-sobs, straightened with difficulty. Miss Cranley had given her two cuts in the second session and they **had** been worse than before. Delivered with all the force she could muster. So that standing straight now was agony. Miss Cranley had finished with Astrid and she had been told to go back to her room. Only Katrin was now left.

'Mr Higgins came to see me,' Evelyn Cranley continued. 'Did you know that? He said he thought only Astrid had been involved with that Mr Milner.'

Katrin heard the words as if from a distance through the still surging pain. Her head trying to focus.

I know what Mr Higgins is like. And I extracted from him the admission that he had had sexual intercourse with you

'Yes. But then I questioned Mr Higgins further Katrin. Because of course I know what Mr Higgins is like. And I extracted from him the



admission that he had had sexual intercourse with you. You had allowed him to have intercourse he said. So really I don't know whether to believe him or not.

Katrin tried to stutter something, she wasn't too sure what.

'Get over again,' Miss Cranley told her. 'I'm going to give you a couple more with the cane.'

Two more mind-bending strokes, then Katrin was told to stand straight again.

'There. Was that nice! We want to keep your bottom nice and hot. Anyway you'll be pleased to hear, Katrin dear, that I **am** going to let you and Astrid stay. And maybe we won't need to inform your parents. I'm sure they would rather not have that nasty shock. But it **will** depend on both of you. Do you understand that, my pretty **fraulein** Katrin?'

Katrin opened her mouth. Stuttering something.

'You are not very intelligible dear. Get over again. Let me give that pretty bottom a couple more.'

Katrin standing agonisingly again. Gasping from those two extra cuts. Evelyn Cranley was going to her armchair. Sitting down, with her skirt pulled up.

'Come here Katrin. Come here and kneel down. Nice and close. I want you to do something. I want that pretty mouth that looks so soft and blubbery with those tears. I want it.'

Miss Cranley wanted it up between her parted thighs. She had no knickers on and she wanted Katrin's mouth at her pussy. And Katrin wasn't about to refuse.

The blonde Englishwoman stroked Katrin's head. 'That's lovely. Really lovely. I think when a girl's been caned she does it really well. I think it puts her in the proper mood. Don't you?'

* * *



Penny was going to do Naval Training in the summer holiday. At a place on the south coast where a man who had been in the Navy had a large house and offered training to girls. Something like that was a very good thing to have on your record when you left school, together with your O and A levels (hopefully, if you got them). Having a stint of Naval Training on your record would show that you weren't just academic but had practical ability too. Also it showed that you were disciplined and a prospective employer was sure to like that in a girl.

So Penny's mother, Mrs Sylvia Watley, was very pleased when Penny was accepted. Not that she was surprised because Penny, at 17, was a very attractive girl in addition to being in the top stream at school. A pretty girl with long honey-blond hair, quite tall and with a lovely figure. And Mr Rambold would have been in no doubt about any of this. Because when he came to the house to interview Penny he took her upstairs to her room and had her take her clothes off. After he had had quite a long chat with mother and daughter over tea and biscuits in Sylvia Watley's smart lounge.

Getting a girl's clothes off enabled one to make quite sure she was acceptable material

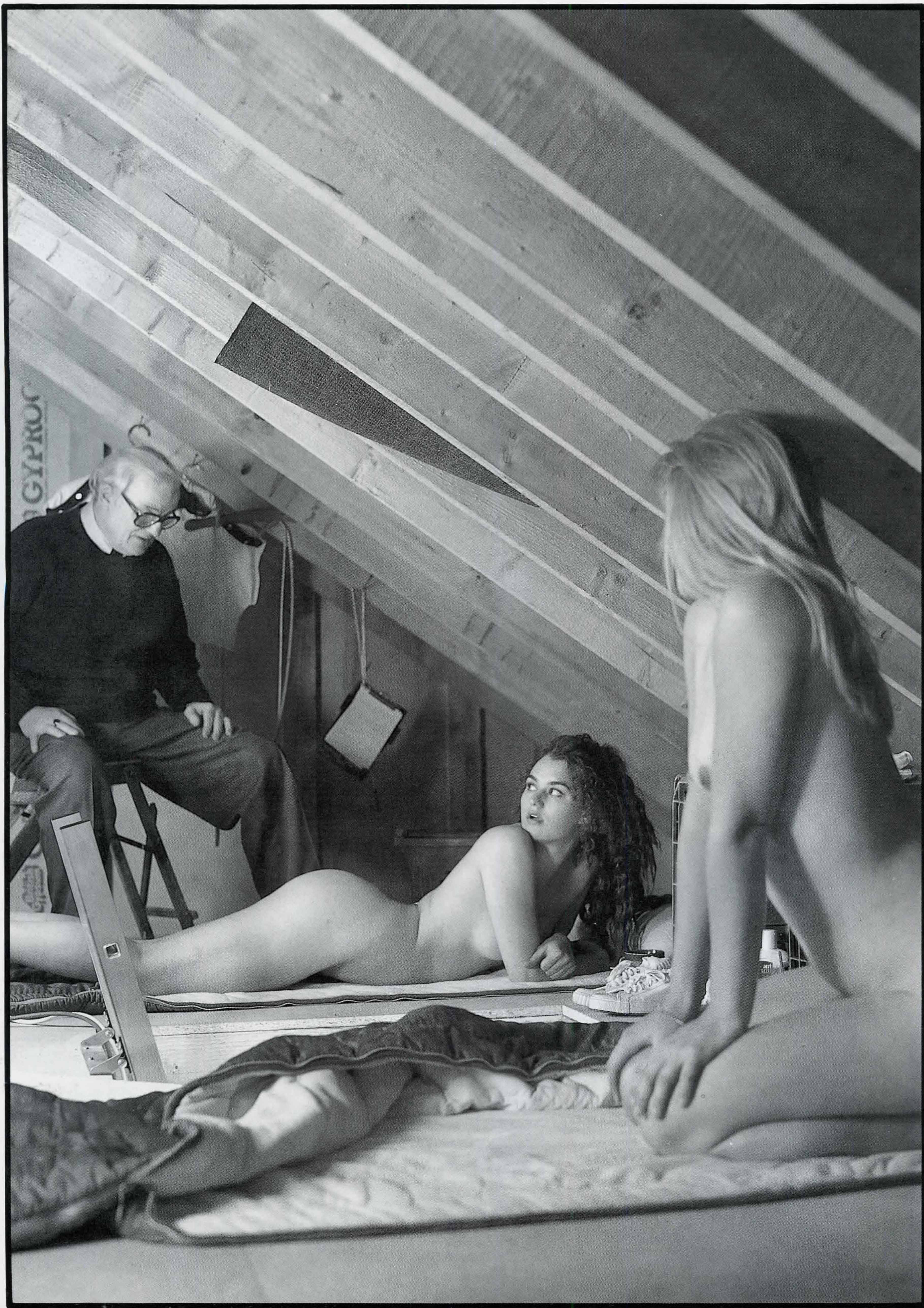
The ostensible reason for the visit to Penny's room was to measure her for a uniform. Mr Rambold had his own special uniform for girls in training and he was always keen to have a nice trim fit to a girl's shape; the various rondures and burgeonings. But getting a girl's clothes off enabled one to make quite sure she was acceptable material — and a man who could offer **bona fide** Naval Training to girls in a large attractive house on the south coast could afford to pick and choose. He could afford to take only the very best. And when a girl had all her clothes off it was all there, what you saw was what you were going to get. Although naturally a modest girl might attempt to cover the more intimate areas: in Penny Watley's case those firmly ripe pink-nosed boobs, and the delicate blonde fluff of pussy-hair at the start of her softly rounded thighs.

Modesty was quite acceptable, indeed desirable, in a well-brought-up teenager, as this quite lovely Penny

PENNY ON PARADE







clearly was. She would need to learn quickly, though, that modesty with Mr Rambold was not on the agenda. And as a first lesson in this Stanley Rambold as he progressed with his tape measure firmly removed Penny's hands. In fact replacing them with his

nipples. Fingers questing also in between her hot, damp thighs. Hot-faced Penny scarcely knew where to look.

Stanley Rambold of course was in no doubt that here was a choice recruit indeed. A marvellous specimen and it

question as to whether they actually **did anything**.

That was highly acceptable too — always assuming it was true, and Stanley Rambold had no reason, on this short acquaintance at least, to



own as he felt necessary. It was of course highly embarrassing and blush-causing to have Mr Rambold's hands, his questing fingers, in those intimate places. Penny's highly sensitive — and (even more embarrassingly) rapidly stiffening —

seemed marvellously modest too. Quite inexperienced perhaps? His query elicited that fact, somewhat stammered out, that Penny did have a boyfriend. But then an equally stammered denial, accompanied by a hot-faced shaking of her head, at his

doubt Penny's denial. However it was also true that, by the end of this private interview, his measuring session, the young lady was undeniably moist, wet even, in a certain place. In that certain highly sensitive erogenous zone. That was



after he had not only completed his measurements but also had her over his lap for a firmly-delivered spanking of her bare bottom as well.

The spanking was not for any particular identified shortcoming but simply to give a flavour of Naval Training as it would be experienced in Stanley Rambold's establishment. A taste of the disciplinary training that would underpin any messing about in small boats, etc. Did this unscheduled spanking come as a surprise to Penny? Undoubtedly yes. She had not been expecting it **at all** and it was an undoubted shock to the system. An undoubted shock in particular to her bare nates which, it must be said, had never experienced anything of this sort before.

That hand of Mr Rambold not only continues the spanking, most stingingly and painfully, but also slides in between your unhappily parted thighs

It was true Mr Carstairs, Deputy Master at school, **had** once spanked Penny's bottom for some relatively

minor offence — as he would do to the more attractive Sixth Form girls given half an opportunity. But that had been over her knickers. Mr Carstairs wasn't allowed to take knickers down, though no doubt he would dearly love to. But there is a good deal of difference between having it with your knickers still in place, even though pulled very tightly up, and having it on the bare cheeks. Especially when you are told to relax, not keep your legs tight together like that. And then when you do most reluctantly part them, that hand of Mr Rambold not only continues the spanking, most stingingly and painfully, but also slides in between your unhappily parted thighs. Where you have already become quite moist. And become a lot more so, distinctly wet. As the fingers do what they do.

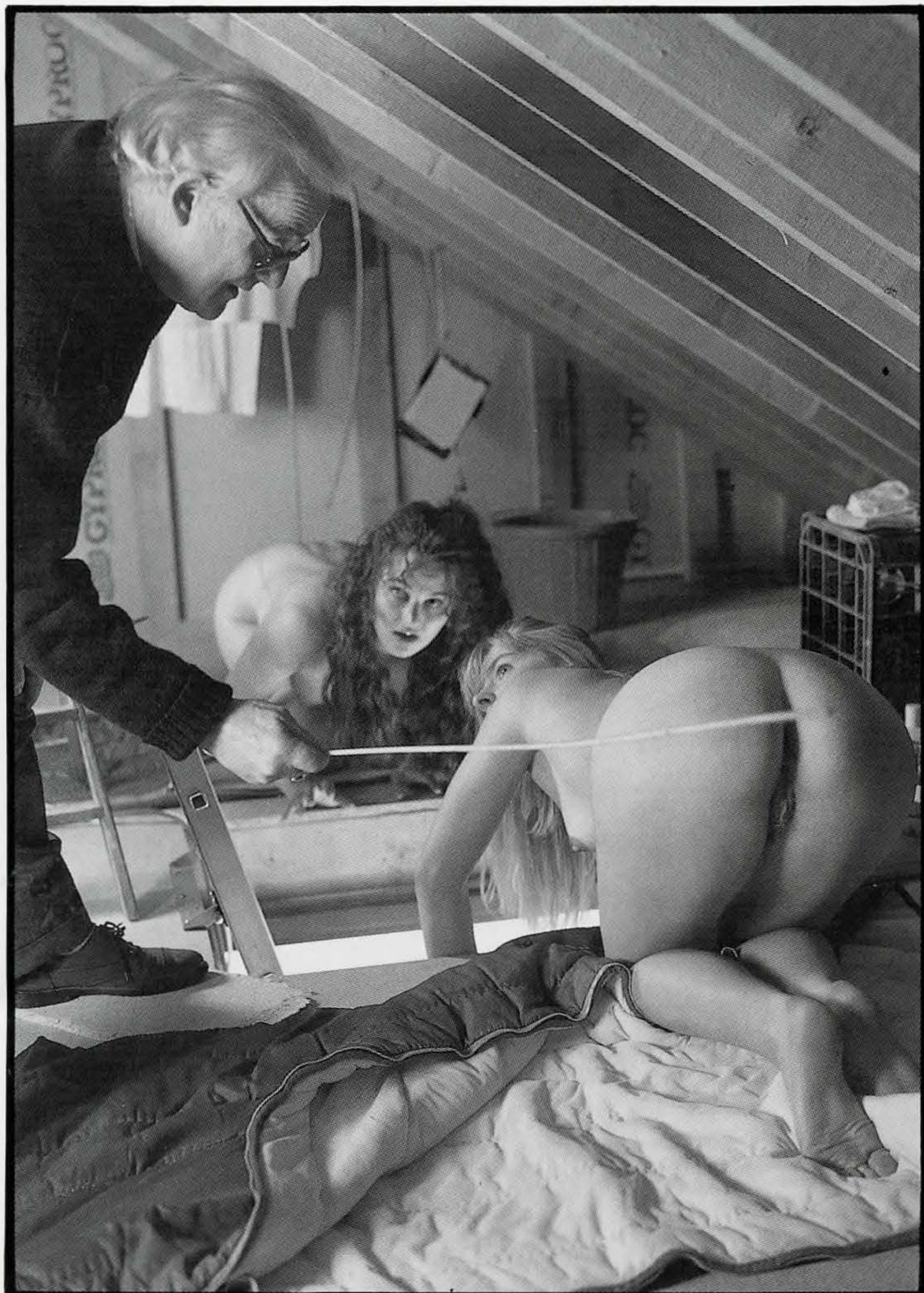
Does Sylvia Watley, downstairs, guess what is going on above? She certainly does hear partially muffled yelps — as that hard hand cracks down on her daughter's quite delicious upturned rear. Because poor Penny is unable to take it in silence. Yes Sylvia does guess. And in any case before Mr Rambold leaves he has another chat with her, this time in private. In which he does allude to certain matters.

But anyway Sylvia does inquire, after Mr Rambold has left. And flush-faced Penny tells her. The clothes off; the smacked bare bottom. Not the other bit, though, those awful fingers at her pussy.

Sylvia makes a face. Commiserating with her daughter. But it's not entirely unexpected, is it? Not to Sylvia Watley who after all is more a woman of the world, not an inexperienced 17-year-old. She has spoken to other mothers of girls who have done summer training, Naval or other types. Gentlemen who take in girls for training are it seems **always** very keen on the discipline. And there **was** what Mr Rambold had said, and got her agreement to, in private.

* * *

There was only one other girl staying with Mr Rambold when Penny arrived: another very pretty girl, a brunette called Sandra Elliot. Mr Rambold only ever had a small number of girls staying at one time, up to four. His house was certainly big enough to take quite a few more but Mr Rambold liked a small number, so that he could give each girl a lot of individual attention.



This was what Sandra told Penny soon after her arrival, Sandra had been with Mr Rambold for a week now. There had been two other girls for most of this time but they had gone home the day before (Friday) after completing their three week stays.

'What ... What's it like?' Penny blurted in a hushed voice once Mr Rambold had left them alone. A hushed voice because she had the scary feeling that even though Mr Rambold had gone off somewhere, he would hear it if she said anything out of line. But she had to know. There was this mind-zapping thought in her head.

'I mean does he ... do we really ... get the cane?'

Because that was what Mr Rambold had told Penny's mother. Or rather that he **might** use the cane if he thought it necessary. It might be necessary to use it, as part of a girl's disciplinary training, and he had wanted Sylvia Watley to sanction it. Penny's mother had, and moreover she had told Penny. 'But I'm sure he won't need to darling. I shouldn't worry, I'm sure it's just an ultimate threat which certainly won't be necessary in your case.'

It might be necessary to use it, as part of a girl's disciplinary training, and he had wanted Sylvia Watley to sanction it

That was what Penny's mother had told her – but what was the reality? This Sandra would certainly know. Yes?

Sandra made a wry face. 'I don't know what he told your mother – but you're going to get it. You can reckon on that. Especially at the beginning. The beginning is the worst, the first few days.' Sandra gave a hollow little laugh. 'You can reckon that your bum will be so hot you won't want to sit on it!!'

'Oh Christ ...' Penny breathed.

She and Sandra were in a loft space up under the rafters which you reached by climbing a steep high ladder and then up through a trap-door. They had gone here right away on Penny's arrival, Sandra leading the way. It was going to be her sleeping quarters which she would share with Sandra. A stark enclosed space, brightly lit by a naked overhead light bulb. There were two sleeping bags on the bare boards and a few other small things; a couple of hangers for clothes; two what looked like milk crates for putting toilet items etc in; a portable fan over to one side; and that was it. Certainly no furniture. Mr Rambold had plenty of properly furnished bedrooms, Sandra said, but he did not consider that girls being trained needed that sort of accommodation. Girls undergoing Naval Training needed to be kept under harsh conditions, to toughen them up.

'Anyway most of the time,' Sandra added. When Penny queried this she shrugged. You may sometimes get to sleep in one of the bedrooms. But then – well you may wish you were back up here.'

Penny would have liked to pursue this but she now had that other breath-stopping thing in her mind. **The cane!!** And in that connection ...

'He'll be up here shortly.' Sandra said. 'You've got to have your things off by then. Mr Rambold will certainly give you a caning if you haven't. Though it's quite possible you could get one anyway, as it's your first day.'

Mr Rambold wanted her undressed first. Nude. So that he could inspect Penny





Penny let out an alarmed yelp – and grabbed frantically at her blouse buttons. She was still in her own blouse and skirt which she had worn on the train. Her new training outfit of white top and shorts was on one of the hangers but Sandra said Penny wasn't to put it on just yet. Mr Rambold wanted her undressed first. Nude. So that he could inspect Penny.

Penny gave another fearful yelp. She could of course remember that visit from Mr Rambold at home, two weeks ago now but still crystal clear in her mind. When she had had to take all her clothes off for Mr Rambold up in her room – and had to stand still while his hands crawled all over her nude body. And then over his lap for that awful spanking – plus Mr Rambold's hand between her legs. At her pussy. And although Mr Rambold's hand had been really dreadful Penny had got all wet.

A girl's pussy got wet in readiness to take the stiff male penis. So that it could slide slickly in and out

Penny's pussy got wet when she and Derek, her boyfriend, were kissing and smooching. Derek liked to get his hand on it and sometimes she would let him but only outside her knickers. Derek's hand there certainly got her wet but also just general smooching would. Mr Pilling Head of Biology at school had told them in Sex Education this was a normal reaction. A girl's pussy got wet in readiness to take the stiff male penis. So that it could slide slickly in and out. When you wanted to have a baby, of course, or maybe didn't want a baby but just wanted to enjoy highly pleasurable sexual intercourse. But a girl could get all wet and excited even when she didn't want to do it – when it was perhaps the last thing she wanted, or thought it was. As with Mr Rambold.

Now there was the awful thought of that ... and **the cane too**. It was almost too much, but Penny had to take her clothes off. 'Everything,' Sandra said. 'Knickers and bra too. And you won't be needing them while you're here. We aren't allowed to wear knickers or bra under our training outfits.'

Very shortly there was a brisk call from below, through the open space in the loft floor. 'Are you ready? I hope so.' And then the sound of Mr Rambold climbing the ladder. Penny,





nude now and standing by her sleeping bag, cast a despairing look at Sandra. Sandra, standing opposite, was still in her crisp shorts and top. She gave Penny an encouraging little grin ...

* * *

'Good.' Mr Rambold climbing up through into the loft. He was wearing a business suit – and carrying a cane in his hand. 'Good. I hope you haven't been telling our new recruit any subversive tales Sandra?'

'No Mr Rambold,' Sandra said smartly, standing to attention with her hands straight at her sides.

'I hope not. Otherwise we'll have your shorts down right away, won't we?'

'Yessir. But I haven't Mr Rambold.'

'Hmm. But maybe we'll have them down anyway, shall we? Right off in fact. Yes everything off, like our new Penny here.' As Sandra, biting her lip, began to comply Mr Rambold turned to the quivering newcomer.

The cane was in Mr Rambold's left hand now. His right took hold of Penny's bared nates.

'Now then young lady, are we all bright and eager to start our training?' He stepped round behind the trembling Penny. The cane was in Mr Rambold's left hand now. His right took hold of Penny's bared nates.

'Our Penny has got a boyfriend, Sandra. Yes. What d'you think of that? They don't **do** anything yet, she tells me. I presume she was telling the truth. I do happen to know, however, that she has a very sensitive pussy. One that can get quite wet. As if a boyfriend **has** been messing about with it. Even if not indulging in actual penetration. Eh Penny dear?'

Penny could feel her face glowing bright red. Forcing herself to stand still as Mr Rambold's hand groped and squeezed at her bare bottom. Her bottom that **she knew** was shortly going to feel that dreadful cane. What Mr Rambold had just said was pretty dreadful but it still didn't displace the fearsome thought of **that cane**.

'Yes?' Mr Rambold's hand groping at Penny's quivering rear cheeks — and then pushing in underneath between her shivery thighs. 'He does a bit of messing about, eh Miss? Stimulating you. Getting you all hotted up.'

'No ... ooo ...' Penny shook her head desperately. 'No really ...'

Girls with wet and over-excited pussies need regular caning in my experience.

'Hmm. Well let's give you a touch of the cane. Isn't that what she needs Sandra? And you'll be next my girl. But our new recruit first. Girls with wet and over-excited pussies need regular caning in my experience. Get down Miss. And get this nice round bum up ...'

'Oh God! Penny kneeling on her sleeping bag. Her hands down on the bag — and her poor shivery bottom raised up. Her poor bare bottom presented for that dreadful cane. No! Please! **This was impossible** ...

SPLATT ...!!

'Aayyeiiiiighh ...!!' Oh yes it was. An excruciating pain. Like a white-hot poker abruptly burning on Penny's defenceless nates. An impossibly agonising pain. And seconds later ...

SPLATTT ...!!

The cane slashed down for a second time. Cutting into her desperate flesh to add to and reinforce the already unbearable pain of the first stroke. She heard her shrieking yell as her arms gave way and she lurched forward face-down on the sleeping bag.

* * *

Mr Rambold hauled Penny back up.

'That's not much good. Is it Sandra? She'll have to do a lot better than that. Sandra watched with awed eyes. Seeing the desperate distress of this new girl and remembering her own shocked first experience of Mr Rambold's cane. It wasn't **quite** as

bad when you had had it a few times. You were to a certain extent prepared for it. And also Mr Rambold wasn't quite so awful with it, not quite so fierce — if you responded to your training. If you learnt. Oh yes if you were sensible you learnt — to be submissive. And responsive. Do what Mr Rambold wanted.

Penny was a lovely girl, so pretty and with a super figure. That lovely bared bottom with now those angry red stripes on it.

Penny was still howling. Four red stripes on her bottom now. Sandra felt a little tingle of excitement. Penny was a lovely girl, so pretty and with a super figure. That lovely bared bottom with now those angry red stripes on it. Mr Rambold only took pretty girls of course. Was it true what Mr Rambold had said — about that boyfriend business? She would have to find out. Later, when Mr Rambold had left them alone up here. When she was alone with Penny and able to offer some sympathy to the poor girl.



Sandra gave a little squirm. First of all it would be her own turn though. The cane? Would Mr Rambold cane her? It **might** be just a spanking over his

Penny was still sobbing. Lying on her side in her half open sleeping bag, her still nude body every few seconds convulsed with a shuddering sob.

'Wha .. Wha .. at ..' the sobbing girl stuttered.

'He won't mind,' Sandra assured her. 'It'll be OK. And it would be **really**



lap – with a good deal of groping at her pussy of course.

* * *

Sitting watching her, Sandra, with her blouse back on now, knew what she **very much** wanted to do. Softly she made her suggestion to Penny.

nice. Put the two sleeping bags together. And then the two of us – all nice and cozy. I could give you a nice massage. It would make your poor



bum feel a lot better.'

Penny's mind wasn't working very well. It was very difficult to think of anything beyond the glowing furnace that was her red-striped rear. But Sandra didn't need any clearly-voiced agreement. She was going ahead. Zipping the two bags together. And then ... sliding in with Penny.

her hand which had started gently caressing Penny's still red-hot bottom had now moved unequivocally between her thighs.

What was happening? What was Sandra doing? Her hands. And her mouth. Her mouth was very shortly on Penny's. A sexy wet kiss, her tongue greedily thrusting inside. And her hand which had started gently caressing Penny's still red-hot bottom had now moved unequivocally between her thighs. At Penny's hot



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and wet pussy – which Mr Rambold before he had departed down the ladder had himself had a few gropes at. Now Sandra ... it seemed like she had all the fingers of that hand up inside. Her thumb at Penny's clit and all the rest of her fingers up in Penny's tunnel. All rhythmically working at the so-sensitive flesh.

'No .. Pl .. Please ...' Penny, still sobbing somewhat and breaking her mouth away, gasped. Her mind still shell-shocked and unable to believe this latest development. But it was happening alright. Sandra was frigging her. And Penny's hot pussy was responding. If Sandra kept this up Penny was going to come. Very quickly. It was impossible of course, she had never done anything with another girl, never had another girl do her. But it seemed everything was impossible but nonetheless happened here at Mr Rambold's. Because Sandra was doing her alright. And Penny was now coming. Great shuddering jerkings. Quavering moans ...

* * *

'I hope you girls haven't been doing anything,' Mr Rambold said Sternly. 'Nothing that you shouldn't.'

Sandra said a coy, 'No Mr Rambold.'

They were standing now in front of him downstairs in the sitting room. Standing at attention in their uniforms – which as Sandra had said were worn without any underwear. They had had an hour's break since that first caning for Penny – and Sandra's bare-bottom spanking over Mr Rambold's lap. An hour in which of course they **had** been doing something. That mind-boggling business, as far as Penny was concerned. Doing **it** Sandra doing her ... and then, at Sandra's insistence, the reverse. Penny doing Sandra. It was **too much**. Penny felt weak, a bit light-headed. But doing her best not to show it.

'I hope not. I can't have girls tiring themselves out in indulgent and decadent practices when they need to be alert and sharp for their training. Well we shall see, won't we Miss?'

Mr Rambold had moved in behind Penny and his hand now groped her bottom through the thin single layer of her smart white shorts.

'Yes, we will see what shape you are both in. I'm going to take you out in the small boat a bit later, for a stiff row out in the bay. Rowing is excellent exercise, young lady. The back and arms, a girl's thighs ... But first of all I'm going to have the two of you running round the grounds.

Twenty minutes hard running. And if there's any flagging we know what it will be, don't we Sandra?'

Sandra said a meek 'Yes Mr Rambold.'

He was still groping Penny's quivering







bottom. She felt faint. Running ... and then rowing this boat. And she could guess what the penalties for inadequate performance would be. Just in case she had been in any doubt Mr Rambold's voice breathed in her ear:

'It will be shorts down Penny. Another caning. You'll enjoy that, won't you?'

* * *

In fact it wasn't a caning. Not after the running at least. Penny's running performance was certainly pretty hopeless because she was not very good at running at the best of times and after that business with Sandra could scarcely put one foot in front of the other. In contrast to Sandra who

steamed ahead seemingly unaffected – and perhaps even invigorated – by their exertions in the two joined sleeping bags. But Sandra didn't in fact get a caning.

Her shorts taken down. And right off. To allow Mr Rambold full pay with his right hand.

Instead in Mr Rambold's private sitting room she was taken over his lap. Still all shuddering and gasping from that dreadful 20-minute ordeal out in the grounds. Her shorts taken down. And right off. To allow Mr Rambold full pay with his right hand.

'Not a caning this time Miss. Though I expect I will give you one after your little row. But we'll just smack it this time, shall we. Although you do deserve the other, after that really appalling show. Yes?'

Penny jerked out a yelp. For the moment Mr Rambold's hand wasn't smacking. It was in between her freely perspiring thighs. It had taken hold of her wet and heated pussy.

END



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'I suppose it's time to get up,' Mike says.

Jane says. 'Um. Yes. have we got to?'

The clock on the side table shows it's just after eight and the closed drapes are bright with the already high sun outside. It is no doubt already a super day out there and Jane should be eager to get out of bed. Especially as she had so dreaded having to go to bed with Mike. But Jane has never been keen on getting up in the morning. And **sometimes** Mike isn't quite so bad. And he isn't too bad at the moment.

Jane is lying on her back and Mike has his hand between her parted legs. He is stroking her pussy and it feels really great. No doubt it shouldn't feel great;

Jane should tell herself it doesn't feel anything. It is just horrible Mike amusing himself – and possibly only doing it with some ulterior motive in mind. Quite possibly he is about to drop some horrible bombshell on her. That waiter Marcel. Or one of the other waiters. He threatened last night to make her perform with **all** of them.

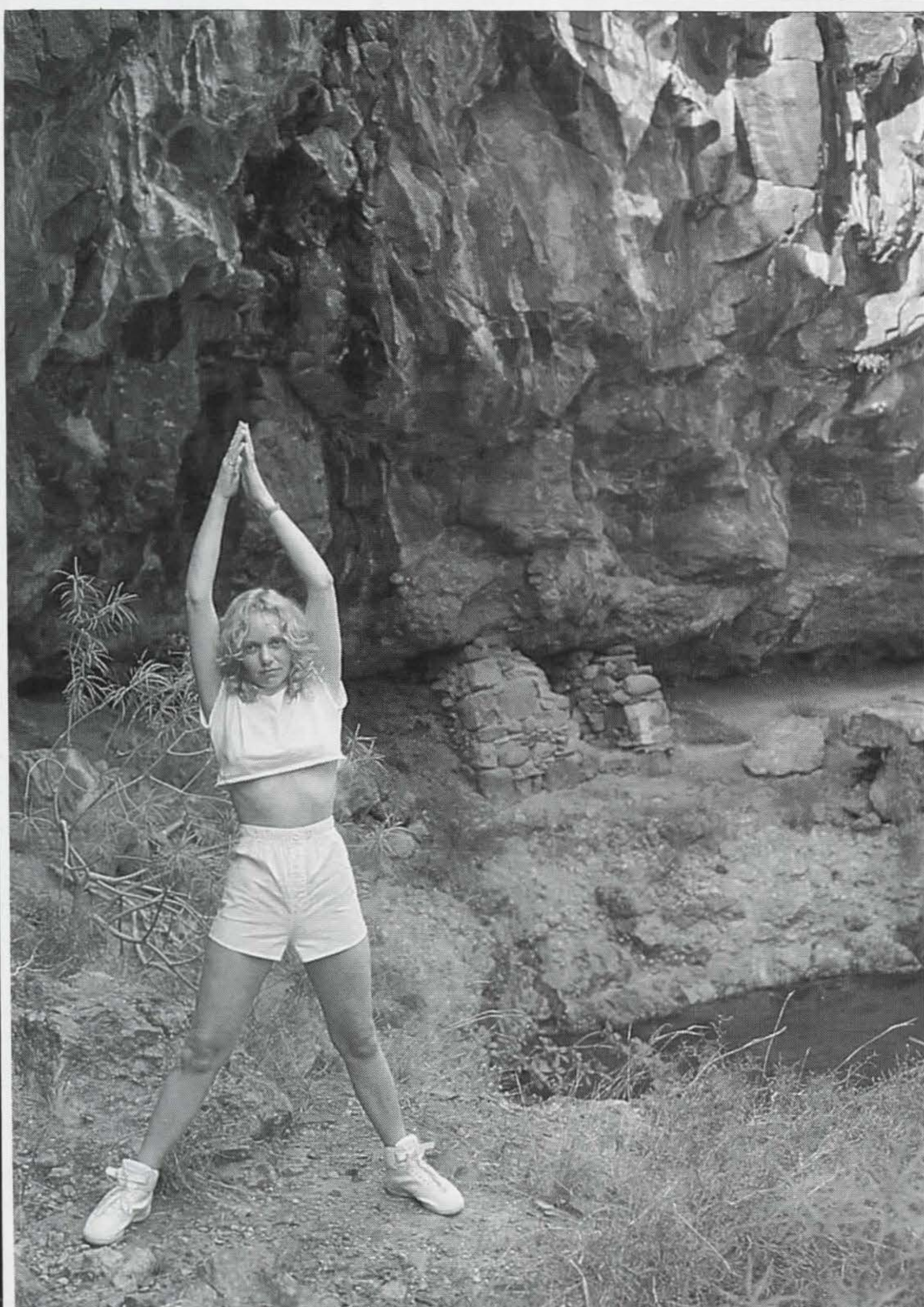
But Jane isn't thinking about that. She isn't thinking about her boyfriend Ian either, as she lies here with Mike, although maybe she should be thinking of Ian. Jane is not really thinking of anything. Except that it feels so good to be lying in bed and not getting up, even though there's that super Grand Canary sun outside. Lying on her back with her legs open and someone doing what Mike is doing.

'We have to get up,' Mike says. 'Go out and shoot some shots. And maybe we could take that Marcel with us. To get some good action shots.'

Mike's words take a little time to register but then they quickly break the dreamily sensuous spell. Mike is talking about shots of Jane with that Marcel. Shots of him spanking her. Or maybe **caning** her. And **screwing her** no doubt. Maybe shots of Jane **sucking him**.

Yes it breaks the spell alright and brings back hard reality. Which is that Mike is capable of anything. And he **enjoys** doing the most awful things to her. Just to amuse himself it seems.

Jane starts pleading – but she knows it won't do any good. If Mike feels like



JANE FOR SALE



making her screw all the blokes who work in the hotel – or something equally awful – then he **will**. Pleading won't have any effect on him.

is suddenly hot for her again. Maybe it's thinking about Jane with Marcel or something, but he wants it. Or wants something. His cock is big and stiff

Jane takes it. Thinking for the moment of that Marcel, the young waiter. She had to suck his cock yesterday. Briefly in between being spanked by him and



Mike tells her to stop moaning and anyway they had better get up and go down to breakfast. But not **immediately** it seems. Because Mike

again. And he ... is pushing Jane down. Pulling off the bed covers and pushing her head down. He wants her to suck him.

then the screwing bent over the bed. He is very good-looking and she could probably fancy him. In some other circumstances. But he probably thinks





she's just a tart. A girl Mike has picked up, or hired. A common prostitute. Probably he has told all the other waiters about yesterday and they all think that. This thought seems so awful that Jane suddenly wants to cry. As she sucks Mike's cock. She wants to start bawling. Some tears do indeed come to those big blue eyes.

* * *

At least Marcel is not with them when they go out after breakfast. It is just Jane and Mike in Mike's car. Marcel was there at breakfast and Jane couldn't help catching his eye a couple of times, though she quickly looked away, her face flushing. But it seemed to her the other two waiters on duty also had knowing looks. So Marcel had probably told them. This thought made Jane squirm. But at least it is now just her and Mike in the car with the top down. Maybe Mike had simply been trying to scare her with talk of more Marcel, etc.

Mike drives out again through some of the super scenery Jane saw on her other visit with Bill, but this time they

go to a new area. Up the mountain where the road eventually gives way to an unpaved track. Finally when it gets too difficult Mike parks the car. He gets a camera and tripod and a picnic basket out of the back, and gives Jane a red blanket to carry. They continue on foot along the now quite narrow track.

About 200 yards along this track they come to the place Mike has been heading for: a beautiful little blue-green lake nestling in the rocks with a trickling waterfall running into it. Isn't it a great place for some photographs? Mike asks, and Jane has to agree. He's probably brought girls here before, she thinks. Perhaps girls Mike has picked up and is going to ship out to Africa as prostitutes? Jane half believes that story they were shooting when she was here before and Mike really did that. But anyway at least that waiter isn't here. It's only Mike. **Only.**

She is wearing a white top and matching shorts, with ankle socks and sneakers

Mike takes the camera. He says he'll take some shots of her right away because there are a few little clouds bubbling up in the otherwise clear blue sky. Jane on the red blanket. She is wearing a white top and matching shorts, with ankle socks and sneakers. She spreads the blanket out and then poses on it, standing with her hands on hips, tits thrust out.

Mike tells her she looks good. But the BLUSHES readers are going to want to see a bit more action from their lovely girl than that of course. He takes a few more angles and then tells Jane to lie down. On her back. With her legs apart ... and her hand in the crotch of the shorts. Playing with herself.

"We should have brought that dildo!" he laughs. "Why didn't you think of it?"

Jane certainly doesn't want the dildo. She recalls that yesterday when Mike was messing about with it — bringing her off with it in fact — he also had his camera there. Did Mike take shots of her with that awful thing. And if he did ... they wouldn't use them in the





can see what naughty Jane is actually up to.'

Jane is not sure she wants that. In fact she is sure she doesn't. 'Get them off!' Mike growls.

Still lying on her back Jane pulls down

the shorts. Off over her sneakers. And then her brief knicks. Then on Mike's instruction she pulls her top up above her boobs. She has nothing on under the top, no bra, so her boobs are bare. Mike tells her to play with her tits. Pull her nipples, make them come up. And open her legs wide.

The camera is going **click! .. click! .. click! ...**

It is awful to think she could appear in the magazine like this ... but it also definitely arousing

Recording the action from different

But he probably thinks she's just a tart. A girl Mike has picked up, or hired. A common prostitute

magazine, would they?

'Don't worry about that,' Mike tells her. 'Let's concentrate on what we're doing. Are you doing it? Have you got your fingers in your quim? We don't want any faking.'

It is pretty awful doing this for the camera. But Jane is doing it. The shorts have got wide legs, they're not her tight shorty-shorts, and there's no problem getting her fingers in. And in the crotch of her knickers.

'Yes. I'm doing it,' she grimaces. Jane's fingers are at her slit. Finding her clit. It's awful ... but it's also a definite turn-

on. Lying on the blanket and doing this. Looking up at the camera. 'This won't go in the mag, will it?' she asks. Mike only laughs. Jane makes a wailing sound. Mike tells her to smile. Look as if she's enjoying it.

'You are enjoying it. I know you are. Hot Jane.'

'I'm not really!' But she is.

The camera clicks some more. From different angles.

'OK. That'll do for that. You haven't come yet? Now let's have the shorts off. And your knickers. So the camera

angles. It is again pretty awful stuff, lying with her legs spread wide, her knees slightly raised. To give Mike's camera a perfect view of her open-mouthed cunt. Lying on the blanket like this with her fingers up squeezing her nipples. It is awful to think she could appear in the magazine like this ... but it also definitely arousing. Jane's nipples have stiffened up. She is feeling hot.



'Now frig yourself,' Mike says. 'Your fingers in that hot pussy. Frigging it.'

'No Mike! Please,' she moans. 'Don't make me do that.' But Jane doesn't feel any strong aversion to doing it. On the contrary part of her is eager to do it. Lying with her legs wide apart and frigging herself in front of Mike's

camera. It's awful but she's in the mood now, it's a real hot turn-on. If Mike says she **has** to do it.

'Keep on. That's great. Bring yourself off. Think of that Ian back home. Think of him watching you do it with that Marcel. Sucking Marcel.'

Jane makes a strangled moaning sound. She doesn't want to think of that. No way. But it is nonetheless a big turnon though. And she is getting there. Jane's pussy is all wet now. And her fingers are really going at it.

She comes with a high-pitched shuddering squeal. Then flops back,

exhausted. Mike is putting the camera down. The coming down on the blanket. Kneeling over her. Jane closes her eyes. She has that good feeling that you get after coming. Drained but feeling great. Mike's hand comes in between her legs. Taking hold of her aroused cunt. She groans.

'Ready for some more?' he asks.

'No Mike! Uuhhh ... I feel like sleep. I need some. Oh! Oooohh ... I don't think I got any last night, with you at me all the time.'

I'm going to get some sun ... and screw you at the same time. How does that sound?

Mike gives a short laugh. 'You can always take a little more, Janey. I don't know how that boyfriend keeps up with it.' He is getting up now. And unzipping his jeans. 'I'm going to get some sun ... and screw you at the same time. How does that sound?'

Jane protests. She's whacked out! She **can't**. But Mike naturally doesn't take any notice of her protests. He's got all his things off now, except his sneakers which he's put back on. He is bending over her. With a big erection of course. Jane moans again. Mike is kneeling between her legs. Putting it in.

* * *

What now? Is Mike going to want any more shots? Spanking ones perhaps?

Afterwards, after a little rest, Mike turns his attention to the picnic basket. He's got a couple of bottles of wine, and fruit and some snacky things. Jane pulls her knickers and shorts back on and takes a glass of wine. What now? Is Mike going to want any more shots? Spanking ones perhaps? Not that she enjoys being spanked, anot at all, but BLUSHES of course is keen on it. The readers are very keen on spanking.

Jane doesn't want to ask, afraid perhaps of putting ideas in Mike's mind that might not already be there. But with Mike a girl should assume he's got plenty of ideas in his head already. Unpleasant ones mostly. And Jane very soon gets confirmation of this.

Sipping a glass of wine (Mike has said it is French: Cotes Du Rhone Villages 1988 which is very good) he now tells her: two other blokes are due to arrive shortly.

It comes out quietly, in a matter-of-fact way, but it is like a bomb going off in Jane's head. She gasps, '**What ..! What blokes? Wha .. What for ..?**'

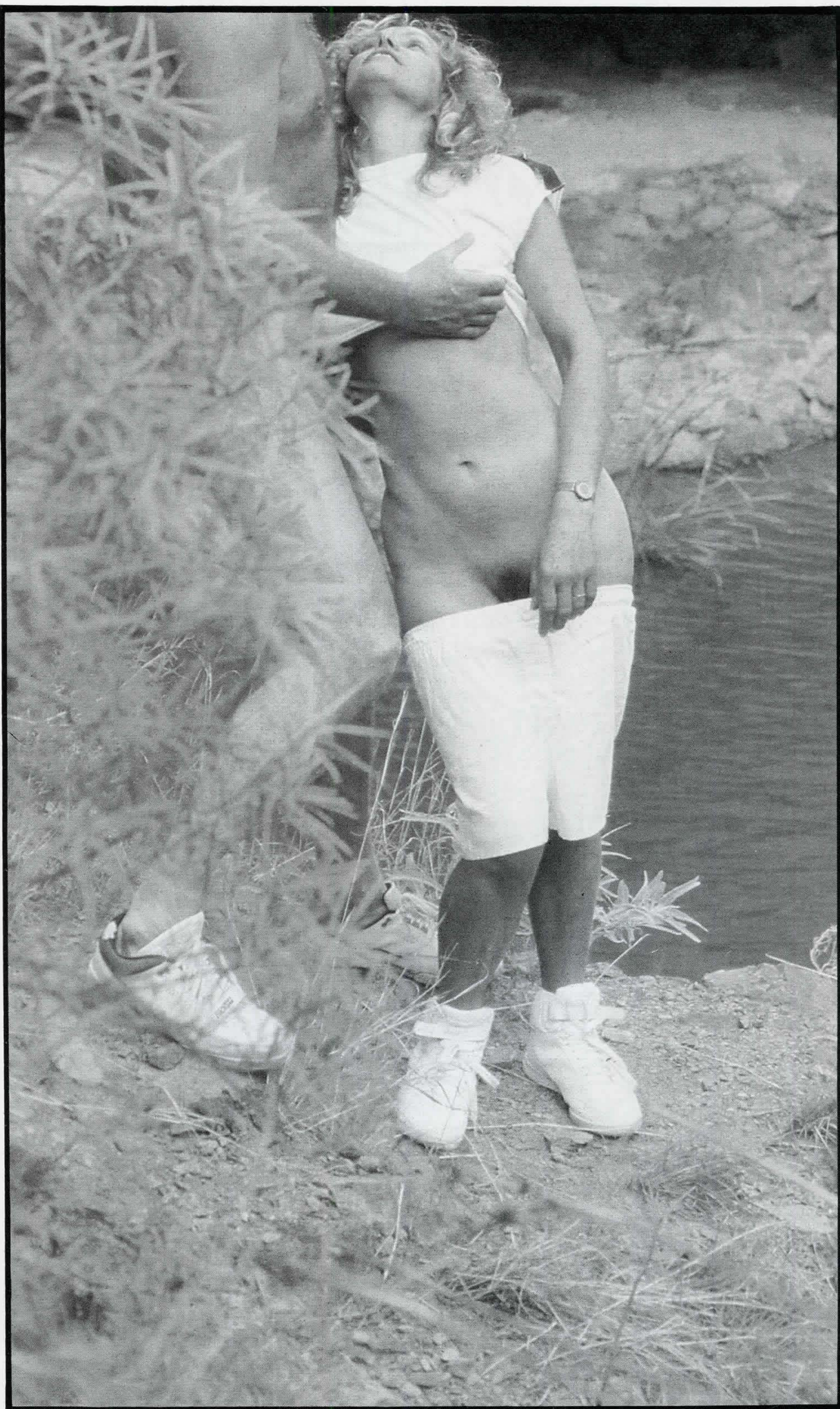
Well what does she think they would be coming for? To try their hand at

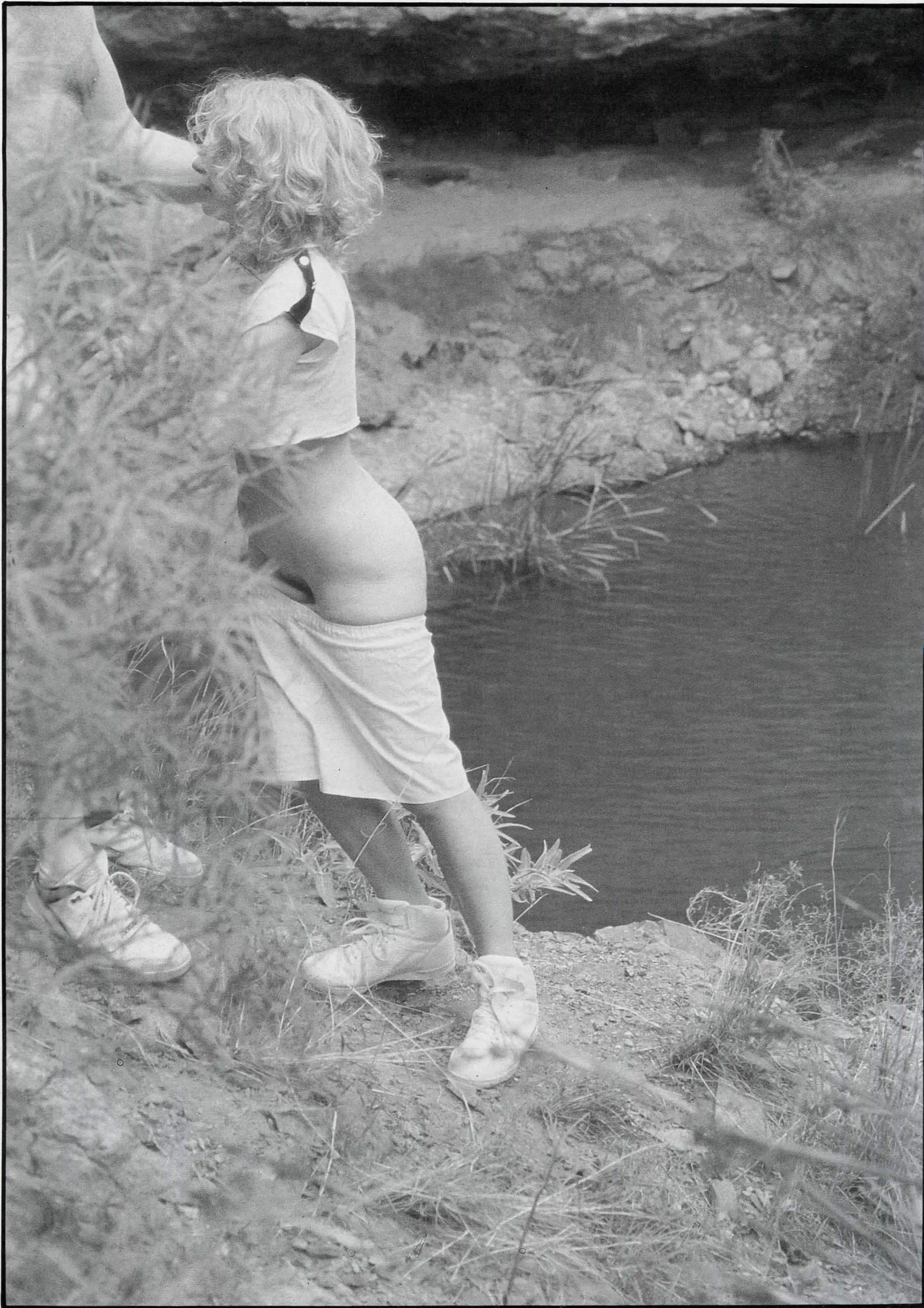
fishing in the lake? 'For some more shooting, Janey dear,' Mike tells her. 'What else?'

'Wha .. What shooting ..?'

'Well, one of them should be bringing a cane.' Jane lets out a frantic squeal.

'Isn't that what the BLUSHES readers want? To see their lovely Jane get a bit more caning. Of course it is. Caning ... and the other of course.'





They are going to do a bit more of that story, Mike tells her. The white slave one. The story about the girl being kidnapped and drugged, and then sent off to Africa to work in a brothel. And in fact these two blokes are **actually involved in that. In real life.** Mike thinks this is a great joke.

probably fancy you, Janey. Well, I'm sure they will. They'll probably want to buy you off me. I wonder what you're worth?

Jane goes into mini-hysterics. He's got to be joking. But she doesn't think Mike is joking **at all.** He would

Unless you could climb those rocks the only way out is back along the way they came – where probably even now these two vicious blokes are getting closer and closer.

Jane lets out a frantic yelp. Like some wild creature trapped in the forest.



'No! You're joking. Please say you're joking, Mike ...'

Jane is almost having kittens.

Mike shakes his head. Unconcernedly pouring himself another glass of wine. No, it's **true.** Smiling at her. 'They'll

probably think it was a joke, though, to give her to these blokes. Well, look at Mike and that Marcel.

Jane feels a frantic impulse to run. Somewhere! Her eyes flit wildly round – but all they see is the lake with the high rock surrounding it on all sides.

What can she do? Nothing. Except she scampers behind a rock. 'Don't run off!' Mike laughs.

* * *

No, Mike **hasn't** been joking. Two blokes do shortly appear from along



the track. They **look** like white-slavers to Jane: swarthy Mediterranean types, one middle-aged and the other maybe late 20s, in faded demins. They are each carrying a bottle of wine – and the older one **does** also have a cane. Oh Christ! As they laughingly greet Mike Jane feels another urgent need to pee again, although she has just been. But anyway she can't go now.

Mike introduces them. The older one is called Frank (or Franco) and the younger one Tony. They grin, as their eyes rove over her. What has Mike told them? Jane feels sick. He hasn't really told them she's for sale ...?

He pours them some wine. Asking Jane if she wants some more but she shakes her head. Then he calmly asks Franco:

'What d'you think then. About my girl. What sort of price?

She **is** going to be sick. He **is** trying to sell her. Franco looks Jane up and down again (his eyes have already made a minute examination of her body), then says a figure. It doesn't mean a lot to Jane because she hasn't really got the exchange rate sorted in her head yet. But ... it is a price on her. She can't believe this.

Mike is shaking his head. 'You're joking,' he says. 'This is a lovely young girl just out from England. Those blokes will go mad about her. Look, take a look with her clothes off. Get your things off, Janey dear. Let these characters see what you've got.'

She **can't** take her things off for these two horrible guys. Especially if it's so they will buy her. This is too horrible for words. She is going to cry, she can't help herself.

'**Get your things off,**' Mike repeats. 'Or Frank will hit you with that cane. A couple of real sharp ones. Is that what you want?'

Jane begins sliding down her shorts – as tears slide down her cheeks. Her shorts come off. And then her top, She stands in front of the three men in just her brief knickers. Is this just some really awful joke of Mike's. He can't really.

'You ... You said you w ... wanted some more shots ...' she manages.

'Oh yes. Yes we do. Caning ones. Do you want to do some caning ones, Janey?'

'Yes. Al ... Alright.' Jane feels like she'll do anything — if it means not being sold to an African brothel.





This is a lovely young girl just out from England. Those blokes will go mad about her. Look, take a look with her clothes off

They grin, as their eyes rove over her. What has Mike told them?



'OK, we'll do some. Franco can give you a few nice ones — while he's thinking again about what you're worth. OK Frank?'

Frank says, 'Sure Mike. I'll make her swear a bit, eh?' He slices the cane through the air.

What is worse: having the cane or that other? The other thing has to be worse — although the cane is really awful. Mike has caned her and that was just about as bad as you can think of. And

this Franco will be as bad, she can tell that. From the look of him.

But Jane can take it if it means the other won't happen. She won't be sold to these dreadful characters. She wants to plead with Mike: Look, we'll shoot some caning shots. And then you'll say you were just joking about the other. About selling her. She'll do the caning ... and screwing too. If that's what they want. But not ...

Mike has got his camera ready again. Jane is made to bend over, over a rock ledge. With her bottom in the tight white knicks sticking out for the cane. She gets down. Franco gives a cackling laugh, and fondles her bottom. She tenses herself. It **is** all a joke. Isn't it ...?

CRACKKK ...!!!

Oh Christ Jesus!! Her bottom feeling as if it has been sliced in two. But it **is** all a joke ...

END

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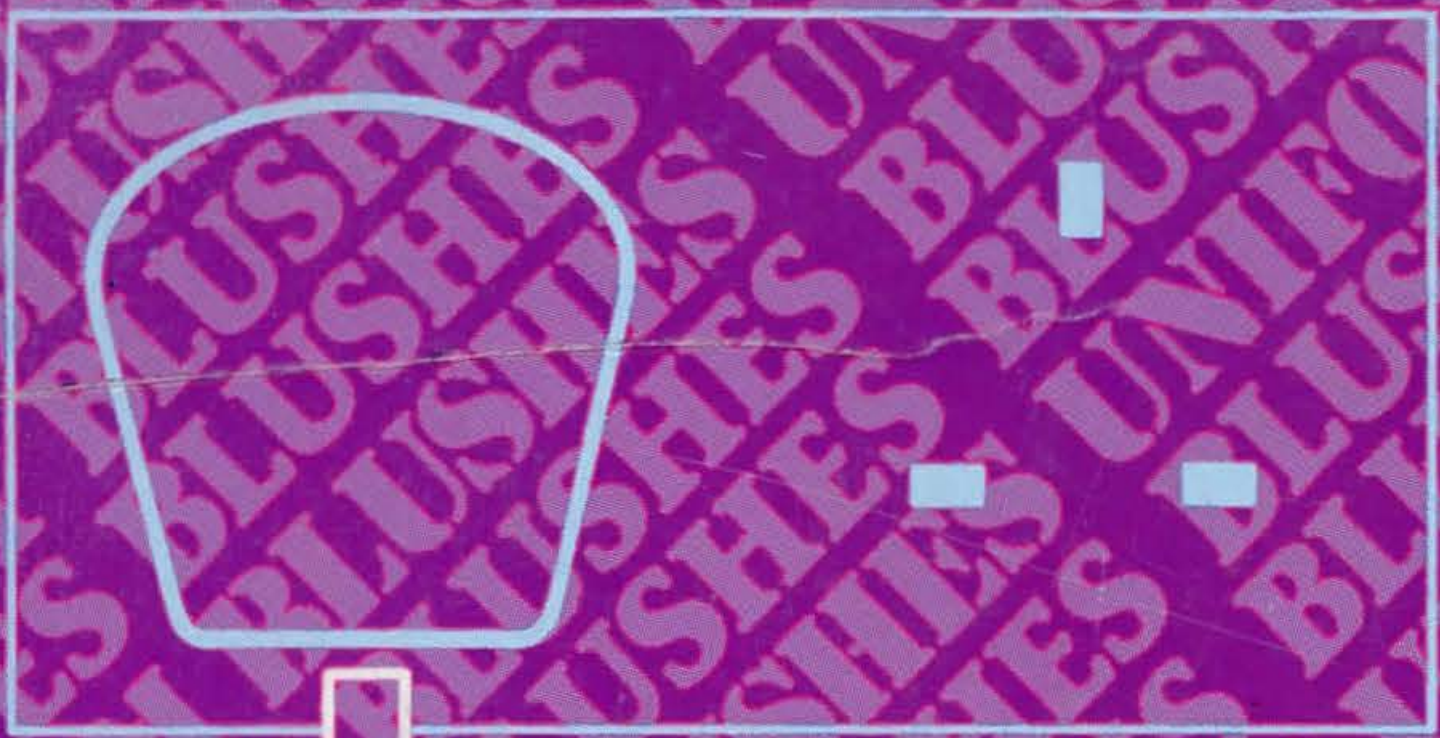
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